Pretty Scar

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Characters:	Pete DiNunzio, You, Reader
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Pretty Scar

by Vi0lentVioletSkies

Summary

Pete likes cutting himself, and you.

Notes

Jesus Christ what am I doing

You curled closer to Pete, tucking the blankets tighter around both of you. The screams coming from his tiny TV were starting to become too gratuitous for you to enjoy, which wasn't that shocking, knowing Pete. "This movie sucks," You mumbled quietly before adding, "it's basically just gore porn."

Pete rolled his eyes, responding, "it's not gore porn! The special effects are better, and there's a plot." He knew you were right, but you couldn't pay him to admit that, so he just held you a little tighter. You savored the feeling of his warm chest pressing against yours and the scratch of his stubble on your skin when he kissed your forehead. You ran a hand through his already thinning black hair before turning your back to him and letting your eyes refocus on the screen.

As you continued to watch, Pete hooked a leg over your waist. You were lying on your side, facing away from him, and he let his thigh rest on your hipbone. It wasn't abnormal for him to do this, Pete was a huge cuddle bug and liked having you near him at all times. However, you noticed some long scars on his thigh that seemed to be from cuts. They were dark lines that ran across his thighs horizontally, and while they were fully healed, they didn't seem particularly old either.

"What are these?" You asked, assuming they were just from some accidental injury or something. Pete tensed up against you as if he was nervous about something. He nuzzled your neck, hiding his face slightly.

"Um…I did those to myself, it's like…a form of art or somethin'," Pete mumbled, holding you slightly tighter. His hand crept up your chest, gently squeezing as he went. "I could give you something too, if you want…" He suggested timidly, his face still nestled into the crook of your neck.

You hesitated for a moment before agreeing, "yeah, alright." Pete immediately stood up, rushing to grab something from the bathroom. He came back a minute later with a shaving kit, the kind that had one of those straight razors. He sat back down on the bed beside you and started unpacking the kit.

"You can pick where you want it to be, but your hip will probably hurt the least," Pete told you before quietly murmuring, "I think so, that's how it works for tattoos." He cleaned off the razor with an alcohol pad, waiting for your response.

“Y-yeah, ok,” You replied nervously, your voice slightly shaky. You pulled down the waistband of your pajama pants to reveal your hip, wincing as he wiped it with the cold alcohol.

“Ready?” Pete asked, holding the razor above your skin. You could see an eager look in his eyes, although it seemed he was trying to suppress it. You nodded and he started to cut into your skin. You watched Pete’s eyes light up as he carved his initials with a heart around them into your skin. You could see an almost evil smirk forming on his face as he watched your expression contort in pain. Once he was done, he leaned back, watching the metallic red liquid dripping down your skin.

“What now?” You inquired, leaning forward slightly to observe your lacerations. This seemed to break Pete out of his trance and he rushed to the bathroom again, returning soon after with a wet cloth and some bandages. Pete wiped up the blood and placed some gauze over it, taping the makeshift band-aid down with medical tape. Once done, he planted a gentle kiss on the wound over the gauze.

“Hopefully it’ll leave a pretty scar, that way I can see it forever,” Pete mumbled, his accent slightly thicker due to embarrassment and how turned on he was by the fact that you had let him do that. He laid back down beside you and let you curl into his side, giving your forehead another gentle kiss before grabbing the remote and starting another dumb and low budget gore movie.

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